

Mrs. Chichester's Confession



You Have Often Thought

of the perfect way you would do your cooking—your desire is realized at last in an

Electric Range

Cool days—leisure hours—no dirt and less expense are a few of the many advantages of electric cooking. Electric Ranges are sold on easy monthly payments.

Prices \$20 and up

Utah Power & Light Co.

Efficient Public Service

Kearns Bldg. Main 500

YOUR CALLING CARD

Is as important as your dress. The form counts—so does the workmanship.

We would like to show you the proper thing.

PEMBROKE'S

The Home of FINE STATIONERY, 22 East Broadway.

HILL & HILLS

an all-round whiskey—equally good for medicinal, culinary and refreshment purposes—an ideal home whiskey.

Preparedness is uppermost in mind. We quit business July 31.

Telephone Main 365

Fred J. Rieger & Co.

35 and 37 W. Second South.

SUNDAY morning breakfast at the Robinsons' is a divine institution of delicious food and pleasant conversation; for the Robinsons, though long since translated to a northern city, are southern-born people who cling to certain old customs of leisure. As years go, neither Robinson nor his sisters are young, but they renew their youth by contact, and they have guests of a Sunday morning just as they have cream waffles. Usually there is a guest of the week-end whom the Robinsons invite former friends to meet. Mary Chichester happened to be such a guest.

Robinson had arrived home too late the night before to greet the lady and he looked forward to the taking up again of an old friendship with pleased curiosity. He wondered what manner of woman breezy Polly Edwards had become. He had always expected fine things of Polly. His last sight of her had been at her wedding, ten years ago, a sight as beautifully satisfying to his eyes as desolating in other ways. He had been no more in love with her than with half a hundred other pretty girls. Even then Archie Robinson had the reputation of being a safe old bachelor. But Polly's naturalness had been charming, and Robinson had looked into a gap at her going. Since that wedding night Hugh Chichester had risen from a chap comfortably in debt to the disquieting position of one of America's smaller magnates. New York had called him to her arms, as she has called other western men, and New York had been kind to him. So the Chichesters made their home in the East when not abroad. Mary Chichester had traveled extensively. Robinson was delighted to find her at his right hand.

He had been prepared for fineness in Polly but not for the fine Mrs. Chichester, whom he could not address as Mary. The cool poise of the perfectly garbed, handsome woman denoted friendly familiarity. And she and Robinson had been great friends. He found himself wondering what she had done with the western girl he had liked so. Her talk was easy and her voice pleasant. She was telling of life in English country houses.

"Do you know," she said, "the English find us rather difficult. They can't place us."

Robinson laughed. "Aren't we Americans obvious enough?" he asked.

"None more so," answered Mrs. Chichester. "The English like us, I am sure—and I am sure they find our obviousness entertaining. But they're afraid of us, the best of them—afraid to take us in, I mean. That kind of thing has been all happily settled with them for ages, you know."

Robinson responded with a platitude about British conservatism, followed up by an inquiry as to what particular thing was happily settled in these unsettled times.

"I don't know that I can illustrate my meaning better than by quoting

dear old Lady Abercrombie," said Mrs. Chichester. "She is devoted to Americans, you know—quite devoted. She has been over several times..."

Almost everyone at the table of eight had heard of the famous old peeress. Her recent visit to the country, upon the occasion of her youngest son's marriage to an heiress of American millions, had been well taken care of by the newspapers. Some there remembered a picture of Lady Abercrombie, in full court costume, taken before the bridegroom's birth—a stock photograph that had done yeoman service in society news...

"She said," continued Mrs. Chichester, "that she couldn't understand a country with no middle class, and complained that she could never exactly place the American she talked to. It quite disturbed the poor old dear."

"I hope you reassured her," said Robinson.

"Why, it was quite easy to do," confessed Mrs. Chichester, simply. "I told her that she was addressing an American of the middle class at that moment."

Robinson gasped. "You told her that," he said.

"Why yes," explained Mrs. Chichester, with a smile that embraced all of her listeners. "It's true, isn't it? People of the wealthy American upper class do not know that we are alive."

There was no gainsaying that statement by a man in Robinson's position. Mrs. Chichester sat at his table above the salt. He shifted the subject and held up his end in the talk following. But, somehow, he reacted more kindly to the charm of waffles than to his guest's conversation thereafter. She was the first American of his knowing to accept the middle class label.

That the United States of America had been stigmatized as a middle class nation amused Robinson almost as much as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's notorious reference to the American peasant. One, to him, was as absurd as the other. Misapprehension of our industrial social fluidity coming from our cousins across the water, inured as they are to a monarchic democracy of seemingly satisfying class distinctions, was not to be wondered at. He had noted, too, the use of the term "middle class" applied to Americans in certain eastern journals; one had luxuriated in the French word bourgeoisie. Such things had arrested his attention as examples of stupid affectation. But when it came to Americans labeling themselves middle class, or permitting others to so label them, Robinson lost patience. And here was a girl he had known almost all of her life as a fine American girl willingly degrading herself. It was too bad.

Mary Edwards had been reared on a thriftily tilled Illinois farm. Her parents had been good, plain, salt-of-the-earth people. Her husband had come of honorable western merchant stock. Both had enjoyed college train-

(Continued on Page 14.)

PANTAGES

Unequalled Vaudeville
On Broadway

90 LAUGHS!

A Laugh a Minute—90 Long
Laughs—That's the Big New 7-
Feature Variety Bill
NOW RUNNING

"THE OTHER FELLOW'S GIRL"
A musical comedy presented by
Edna Kelly and a company of 15
pretty girls. One of the Most
Beautiful Acts of the Entire
Season

THALERO'S COMEDY CIRCUS
Dogs, ponies and monkeys in
stunts that please

ZELAYA
The man who makes a piano talk

BOB HALL
"Songs a la carte"

VICTOR NIBLO
Presenting his wonderful trained
birds

THE TUSCANO BROTHERS
Sensational manipulators of
Roman axes

"THE SECRET KINGDOM"
The closing episode—don't
miss it

Three Shows Daily.
Prices 10c, 20c, 30c.

Once you burn "Aberdeen," you can never be induced to change back to ordinary coal. It's clean and economical.

Aberdeen
55¢ per ton Makes Better Fires
COAL

Don't Ask Me

What I am going to do
when we get Prohibition

THE QUESTION IS:

"What Are You
Going to Do?"

Drink Lemp's St. Louis
Beer

C. H. REILLEY
Distributor